

# REFERENCE



# COLLECTIONS

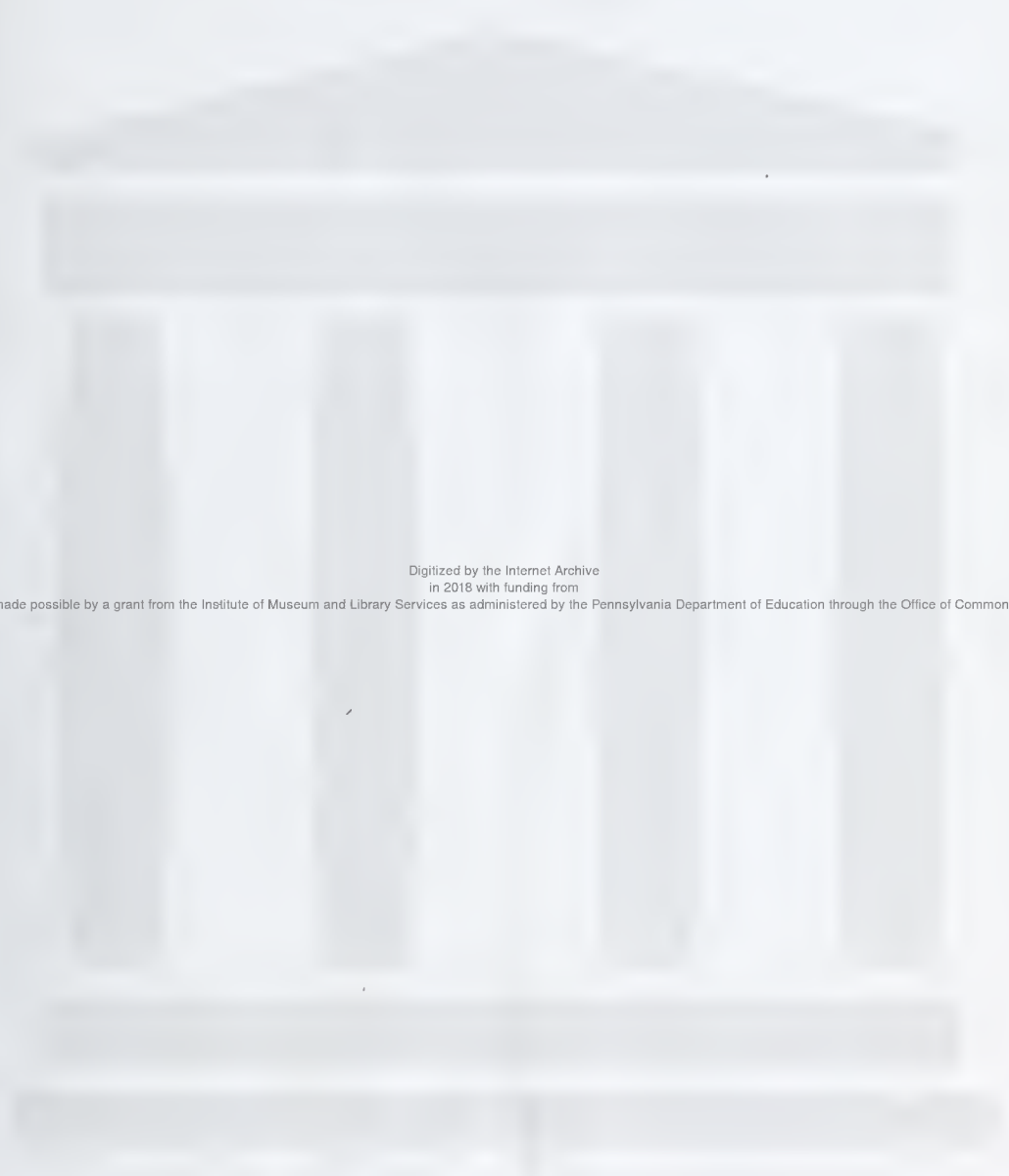


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# MARK TWAIN'S SCRAP BOOK.

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PATENT  
281,657.

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## TRADE MARKS:

UNITED STATES.

REGISTERED No. 5,896.

GREAT BRITAIN.

REGISTERED No. 15,979.

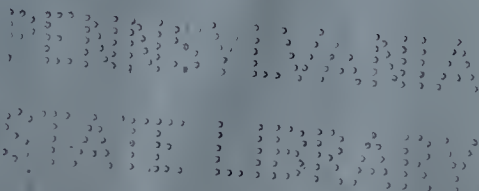
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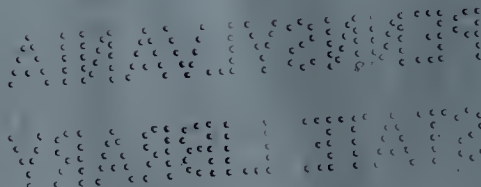
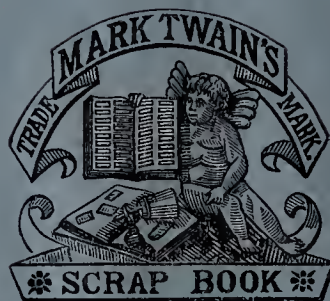
## DIRECTIONS.

Use but little moisture, and only on the gummed lines. Press the  
scrap on without wetting it.

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DANIEL SLOTE & COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.





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From, *Press*

*Pittsburg Pa*

Date *Aug 20<sup>th</sup> 1898*

## REUNION OF VETERANS

**SURVIVORS OF CO. D, 149TH REGIMENT, P. V., TO MEET.**

**ENJOYABLE TIME EXPECTED.**

**The Old Soldiers and Friends Will Gather in the Church Where the Muster Rolls Were Signed—A Brilliant Record Made During the Civil War.**

Thirty-six years after they answered war's thrilling assembly call and offered their lives in defense of the flag the battle-tried veterans of Company D, One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, will gather at Oakdale on Monday for one of those reunions so dear to the men who alone know the sweets of that comradeship which is born of a common share in war's bloody horrors.

Those survivors of a gallant organization that heard the deadly rumble of artillery, the scream of shell and the shrill whistle of the musket ball at every important engagement in the civil war are to meet at the Hill church, near Sturgeon station, a building within whose shadow they sought refuge from the August sun when as raw country boys they gathered nearly two score years ago to affix their names to the muster rolls. In those stirring times the countryside along the Panhandle was less populous than it is now. What are now thriving towns had not yet come into existence, but about the immediate vicinity of the church the aspect was much the same as it is to-day, save for an adjacent oil derrick which rears itself up against the sky line like a huge skeleton, or, perhaps, for the perceptible additions to the tombstones which stand like white immovable sentries in the burying ground hard by.

And yet, while the face of nature has not altered much with the transition of years, Time has left the impress of his busy hand upon the comparatively few of the original members who have weathered war dangers and have lived to once more gather on the ground which to them will always be sacred. The raw youth of 30 years ago has become a man of years, and the frost bite of age has whitened the locks and the burden of years has bent the backs of those who in the years of the country's great crisis were ruddy-faced, erect, stalwart lads with the down

of adolescence scarcely visible upon their cheeks.

This company was the backbone of a famous fighting regiment that went through every important fight from the time they first moved under fire at Pollocks Mills, near Fredericksburg, until Richmond fell.

The company was recruited and organized by Capt. James Glenn, of what was then Mansfield. The other officers were Jacob F. Slagle, now judge, first lieutenant; William Galgleish, second lieutenant, and John A. Snodgrass, first sergeant. About 20 of the original members of the company hailed from Oakdale, Noftestown and the surrounding community and the others came from the city. The company was mustered on August 22, 1862, and a few days later, followed by the tearful well wishes of relatives and friends, they left for Harrisburg, where they became a part of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth, under Col. Roy Stone, now a brigadier general with the United States forces in Porto Rico. They were attached to the famous Bucktail brigade. The boys of Company D left the place of muster in civilian dress. A raw but a hardy looking lot they were. But it was only a few days after they arrived at Harrisburg until they were uniformed and went forward to Washington to become a part of Doubleday's division of the First corps. They remained with the corps until the battle of Gettysburg, when Reynold's fall necessitated a reorganization, which threw the fighting One Hundred and Forty-ninth with the Fifth corps, and as a part of that historic body it remained until the dawn of benificent peace.

When the regiment reached Washington it was assigned to guard duty, and in April of the following year was moved to the front. It got its baptism of fire on the banks of the Rappahannock, near Pollocks Mills, and from time to time through the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Petersburg, and when Lee's pride was humbled at Richmond the company fought with the true spirit of heroism, and remained in the service until it was mustered out in June 24, 1865. The regiment in the Gettysburg fight went into battle with 450 men and emerged with 120 men fit for duty.

Maj. J. W. Nesbit, the pension agent, who has been a prominent figure in the national guard service since that body was organized, served with this company and fought in every battle, never missed a march, and was never incapacitated from duty by reason of sickness. He was one of the prime movers in the present reunion, and associated with him in this work as a committee of arrangements are Frank C. Dorrington, W. R. Johnstone, J. B. Holland and W. J. Johnston.

The ceremonies are to begin at 10:30 Monday morning, and the following program will be observed: Prayer, Rev. W. D. Irons; address of welcome, Rev. J. W. English; response, Maj. J. F. Slagle; lunch; music; roll call, Sergt. F. C. Dorrington; music; general campfire.

The original roster of the company, with a brief history of each member, follows:

Capt. James Glenn, promoted to lieutenant colonel, full term; without wounds or sickness.

First Lieut. Jacob F. Slagle, wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; promoted to major.

Second Lieut. William M. Dalgleish, wounded at Spotsylvania May 10, 1864; promoted to captain.

First Sergt. John A. Snodgrass, promoted to second lieutenant, full term without wounds or sickness.

Sergt. William T. Easton, promoted to sergeant major and to captain in Thirty-second U. S. colored regiment.

Sergt. Alex. M. Stewart, died of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

Sergt. G. K. Biber, served without wounds or sickness with company, and on detachment duty.



William B. Morgain, on detached duty  
for department during service.

Corporal William Templeton, wounded and  
captured at Weldon R. R.; died in prison.

Corporal Henry B. Callahan, captured at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863; paroled; died since war closed.

Corporal F. C. Dorrington, wounded at Laurel Hill, May 8, 1864; promoted to sergeant and second lieutenant.

Corporal George A. Cabbage, killed at Petersburg, June 18, 1864.

Corporal George M. Templeton, promoted to captain Thirty-second U. S. colored troops.

Corporal Benjamin C. Jones, served with company and on detached duty, without wounds or sickness.

Corporal Henry F. Stewart, discharged for disability, February 13, 1863.

Corporal William R. Johnston, wounded at Laurel Hill, May 8, 1864; promoted to sergeant.

Private George A. Allison, wounded at Pennsylvania, May 10, 1864; served full term.

Private William Barton, wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864; served full term.

Private Joseph C. Beil, wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864; discharged July 12, 1865.

Private Joseph H. Baldwin, killed at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

Private James C. Barclay, wounded at Dabney's Mills, February 7, 1865; mustered out at hospital.

Private William Bond, died at Alexandria, Va., January 31, 1864.

Private Charles Briceland, wounded at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864; served full term with company.

Private Hugh Campbell, served full term with company without wounds or sickness.

Private William Campbell, died at Washington, November 4, 1862.

Private Richard Cooper, discharged for disability April 11, 1863.



CAPT. JAMES GLENN.

Musician Samuel T. Woods, killed at Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Musician Philip Bower, served with company.

Bugler Ustick, Rothrock, promoted to corporal; served full term with company and in S. S. battalion, without wounds or sickness.

Wagoner James Cooper, missing at Gettysburg.

Armorer Thomas L. Phillips, promoted to corporal; wounded at Hatcher's Run, February 7, 1865, and served full term.

Private Samuel Alexander, promoted to corporal; served term with company and in S. S. battalion.

Private J. Boyd Alexander, wounded and captured at Weldon R. R., May 8, 1864; died in prison.

Private Andrew Crooks, wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863; discharged at hospital.

Private Samuel Dobson, served full term with company without wounds or sickness.

Private D. Miller Gordon, served full term with company.

Private P. Hickman, died at Acquila Creek, April 27, 1864.

Private B. Holland, served full term with company without wounds or sickness.

Private Henry Hubert, died at Plattsburg, March 9, 1863.

Private William J. Johnston, promoted to corporal; served full term.

Private John M. Jordan, captured June 7,



1864, died at Andersonville.  
Private Benjamin Kerr, captured at North Anna, May 23, 1864; died at Andersonville.  
Private Frederick Krome, served full term with company without wounds or sickness.  
Private Christopher Lampe, wounded at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864; served full term.  
Private Alexander Leath, captured at North Anna, May 23, 1864; died in prison.  
Private George W. Liggett, served full term with company without wounds or sickness.  
Private Robert J. May, served full term with company without wounds or sickness.  
Private John A. Martin, served with company.  
Private John C. Marks, wounded at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864; discharged at hospital.  
Private William H. Means, discharged for disability, February 20, 1865.  
Private William Minser, discharged for disability, March 30, 1863.  
Private Joshua B. Momyer, discharged for disability, March 30, 1863.  
Private James A. Morgan, served full term without wounds or sickness.  
Private David F. Morrow, died at Acquia Creek, June 7, 1863.  
Private Milton L. Morrison, served full term with company.  
Private David H. Morton, wounded at North Anna, May 23, 1864; died June 6, 1864.  
Private David W. Moss, wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; served full term; died since close of war.  
Private Patrick McCann, wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864; served full term.  
Private William H. McEwen, promoted to corporal; served full term; died since discharge.  
Private John D. Neal, captured at Gettysburg, paroled and served full term.  
Private William F. Nesbit, killed at Laurel Hill, May 8, 1864.  
Private John W. Nesbit, promoted to corporal, to sergeant, and served full term.  
Private R. S. Nickolls, transferred to signal corps and served full term.  
Private George Ailey, wounded at Dabney's Mills, February 7, 1865; died March 2, 1865.  
Private Joseph Pettit, wounded at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864; discharged August 22, 1865.  
Private David Phillips, wounded at Laurel Hill, May 8, 1864; promoted to corporal and sergeant and served full term.  
Private Robert Potts, captured at North Anna, May 23, 1864; died in prison.  
Private Henry Rectanus, wounded at Laurel Hill, May 8, 1864; discharged March 21, 1865.  
Private Samuel Ralck, discharged for disability, March 30, 1863.  
William S. Robb, wounded May 10, 1864; served full term with company.  
Private Joseph Rockenstein, served full term without wounds or sickness.  
Private James Roach, wounded at Cold Harbor, June 2, 1864; discharged November 23, 1864.  
Private John H. Rodgers, served full term with company.  
Private Adam Roy, wounded and captured at Wilderness, May 5, 1864; died in prison.  
Private P. Shook, captured at Wilderness, May 5, 1864; died in prison.  
Private William H. Simpson, served full term with company without wounds or sickness.  
Private William Smith, died at Frederick City, July 7, 1863.  
Private Ephraim Smith, discharged for disability, December 23, 1862.  
Private R. J. Stoddard, promoted to corporal; served full term with company.  
Private Eli Trunic, died at Washington, November 7, 1862.  
Private James Templeton, discharged for disability, January 15, 1863.  
Private Thomas W. Twyford, killed at Weldon R. R., August 21, 1864.  
Private James Wallis, wounded at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864; served full term.  
Private Henry Wallace, killed at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864.  
Private James C. Wilson, promoted to corporal; wounded in Wilderness, May 6, 1864; served full term.  
Private Joseph P. White, captured at North Anna, May 23, 1864; died in prison.  
Private Jacob Young, died at Washington, October 29, 1862.  
This roster shows the following summary:  
Total enrollment..... 87  
Killed in action..... 6  
Died of wounds..... 9  
Died of sickness..... 8  
Died in prison..... 5

An Old Water Works Bond.

Assistant City Constable Morrow has presented the Carnegie museum with a very interesting relic of the early history of Pittsburg. It is a framed \$1,000 bond which was one of a series of 12 water bonds issued October 29, 1832, signed by Samuel Pettigrew, mayor, and William Graham, Jr., treasurer. These bonds were payable to John McAllister, of Philadelphia, and payment thereof indorsed on the one in question August 8, 1860. The bonds were issued to pay for the construction of the old Bedford reservoir and pumping station.

From, *press*

*Philad<sup>a</sup> Pa*

Date, *Sept 20. 1898*

There is only one known copy in existence of the first directory of Pittsburg, a book 4x3 inches in size, issued in 1815, and containing 1000 names. The little publication is "a book of the dead," for not a person whose name appears in it survives to-day.

In 1815 Pittsburg had a population estimated at 9000, a mere handful compared to the 300,000 of people who reside in the Pittsburg of to-day. In 1815 there were only eight houses of worship in that city; now there are nearly 400; then, too, there were but two volunteer fire companies and three weekly newspapers.

The present annual license fee in the Smoky City of \$1200 is as a fortune compared with the following figures of fees then: Retailers of wines or spirits, \$30; domestic wines alone, \$22.50.

From *News-Herald*

*Honestead Pa*

Date, *Sept 20. 1898*

A FAMILY REUNION.

THE OLDEST FAMILY IN  
HOMESTEAD.

The Children of Mr. and Mrs. Lowry H.



**West Gather Around the Family Table for the First Time in Twenty-two Years and Talk Over Old Times When Homestead Was But a Farm.**

The family of Lowry H. West, held a reunion at the old homestead corner of Fifth avenue and West street yesterday afternoon and last evening which was one of the most interesting affairs of this kind ever held in this place. The West family is the oldest in the borough having settled here shortly after the Revolutionary war and the family tree has many branches in this vicinity.

General Joseph West was the founder of the family of that name on this continent. He emigrated to America in 1636. Being a compatriot of Oliver Cromwell and a high dignitary under the English King he had incurred the displeasure of Charles I. and removed to the new world for political reasons. His grandson, also Joseph West, removed to Alexandria, Va., and his grandson, another Joseph, came to Western Pennsylvania in 1789. Lowry Hay West is a grandson of this early pioneer. This Joseph West married Mrs. Mary Hay, daughter of Colonel Alexander Lowry, of the famous Donegal regiment of the Revolutionary war. Colonel Lowry presented his son-in-law, Joseph West, with 400 acres of ground. This is now the land on which the greater part of Homestead stands.

Lowry Hay West was born February 9, 1826. He married Miss Eliza Jane Snyder in 1851. Six children came of this union, and they are all living and were all present at the reunion yesterday with their children. The children are North West, of the firm of N. West & Co., of Pittsburg, manufacture of roofing paper; Lowry H. West, of Gardena, Cal.; Joseph A. West, of the firm of Kennedy & West, of Homestead, and also of the West & McLean Brick company, of Allegheny; Jacob S. West, of Dodge Center, Minn., a farmer; Mrs. Laura Evans, wife of Rev. Wm. Evans, a Presbyterian minister, of Estherville, Ia., and Mrs. Martha E. Kennedy, wife of Burgess Reid Kennedy, of Homestead.

His 72 years made little difference to the father of the happy family yesterday and he and his wife scarcely looked like the parents of the big boys who gathered about the family table. The reunion was strictly a family affair. The members of the family gathered and passed the day in discussing old times and talking over the days when they were all together as children. The Iowa, California and Minnesota branches of the family had come to Homestead especially for this reunion and it has been looked forward to and planned for months. It was the first time in 22 years that the entire family had been gathered together under the old roof and it was enjoyed as only an event of that kind can be. The visiting members of the family will remain all week and today a second reunion will be held at the home of North West, the old Phillips mansion on Squirrel Hill.

From, *Josh*  
*Pittsburg Pa*  
 Date, *Oct 14 "1898*

## A STILL'S HISTORY OVER 100 YEARS OLD.

A RELIC OF A CENTURY AGO NOW  
ON EXHIBITION AT THE POINT'S  
ANNUAL EXPOSITION.

ITS UNVARYING FORTUNES.

FIRST ONE EVER USED IN THIS  
FAMOUS VALLEY.

The Fame of the Whiskies of the  
Monongahela Valley Dates  
From Its First Use Upon  
the Heights.



Bruised, battered and blackened with age, one of the first sights that caught the vision was an old still. The card it bore bespoke the legend: "102 years old." It seemed so strangely out of place among modern things. Displayed as it was in a booth decked with devices of the highest decorative art, among festooning of grain and musty barrels, begrimed with dross of years of cellar storage, the old still seemed to add a distinctive finish to the excellent exhibit of the Large Distilling Company.

Upon questioning the attendant the following was adduced: "The Large Distilling Company was founded over 100 years ago by John Large, and was the first distillery in the Monongahela valley. The still you see there is the one that produced the first output of this company. In the days of John Large his whisky was always quoted for its absolute purity, and so jealously has this quality been guarded that when transmissions of business interests were made from father to son, and so on to present owners, the express stipulation made a part of such sale was that the 'whisky produced by any corporation bearing my name shall be absolutely pure.'

"Owing to the purity of the Large whisky it has been awarded numberless medals, among which is the World's fair medal. The booth you see here is made up of grains taken right from fields in which they are grown for our use. The samples shown are drawn directly from the original packages, while these barrels, one of which is over 17 years old, and the others 10 years and 8 years old respectively, were taken directly from our vast storage warehouses. To make this exhibit not alone attractive but unique, we spent a large sum of money and employed a vast force in erecting it.

"The mellowness, body, bouquet and purity of Large whisky affords and assures a continuous growth and constant demand. To-day it is sold nearly in every first-class club, hotel, cafe and bar. Orders for Large whisky reach us constantly from all parts of the world, while its sale in the United States is enormous and increasing. But lately the Government was in communication with us relative to its use in hospitals, owing to its purity and general excellence as a medicinal agent."

From, *Herald*  
*Elizabeth R*  
 Date, *Oct 21, 1898*

## EARLY DAYS RECALLED.

ELIZABETH AS IT WAS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Pictures of that Period Preserved in the Memory of a Former Resident.



RECORDS of early local history are always interesting reading, and valuable for the preservation of facts which otherwise might be lost. The HERALD in the past has frequently given such contributions to its readers, and is glad to be able to publish the recollections of a former old citizen of the town which follow. The article came during the recent absence of the editor, and in a pressure of other matters since, has been "on the hook," awaiting a favorable opportunity for its publication. It is as follows:

We moved to Elizabeth in August 1837, where I took charge of Mr. Patton's glass factory. At that time the population was said to be 1500. At that time, also, Samuel Walker owned all the boat-yards in the town, and was engaged in building boats for the southern and western trade. He was reputed to be the most enterprising business man in the Monongahela valley, and I believe he justly deserved the name. At the expiration of one year, I bought John Walden's stock of goods, and took the store at Market and First streets. In the course of several years I bought a lot, and built a house and store, under one roof.

Samuel Walker kept a large store at First and Market. James Craighead kept a store on Second street. Francis C. Flannigan kept a store where Fergus's store now stands. McCurdy & Lytle kept a store where the Tower Bros. afterward had a store; they did a good business. Mr. Patton kept a company store. John Walker, Junior, had a large store at Second and Market streets. John McDonough kept a large store on Market street, where James McKown formerly kept store. He



built a handsome new store on the corner of Market and Third streets, where he built up a good trade.

The doctors who were practicing in town and country were Dr. Joseph Estep, Dr. Wm. A. Penniman, Dr. Bid-  
dle, who went to Cuba for his health and died and was buried there, and Dr. Matthew Clark, who took up Dr. Bid-  
dle's practice; and he in turn was fol-  
lowed by Dr. Shaffer, who remained in  
the town until death relieved him of  
much suffering. Dr. Stewart was there  
some years. He died of cholera.

Samuel Walker was owner and pro-  
prietor of the large flour mill at the up-  
per end of town. Mr. Abraham, Mr.  
Laughlin, A. McCaughan and Harrison  
Applegate were the early merchant  
tailors of the town. Thos. Wiley was  
the only tinsmith. John Shields had a  
sadler shop and kept hardware. He  
was also elected the first Burgess of the  
town. Benjamin Boyd, George Albright,  
Jesse Wilson and Wm. McCaughan  
were the first councilmen of the bor-  
ough. I. N. Laughlin afterwards was  
the sadler of the town.

The Elizabeth wharf was built in  
1845. Benjamin Coursin, Isaac Ham-  
mitt and Wm. Galbraith were in charge  
of the boat yards. They afterwards be-  
came prominent men elsewhere. Dan-  
iel Hazelbaker, Peter Wilson and Jesse  
Doughty were the early blacksmiths of  
the town. John Shugart was Burgess  
in 1837 or 1838. That also was the year  
when the first fire engine was bought  
for the town. Dr. Estep, Baptist  
preacher; Rev. J. P. Crozier, Covenan-  
ter; Rev. Matthew McKinstry, U. P.;  
Rev. Mr. Dunlap, Methodist, were the  
preachers of that date, and Rev. Samuel  
Jamison took charge when Mr. Mc-  
Kinstry's health failed and he and his  
wife left for Florida. C. F. D.

From, *Dispatch*  
*Pittsburg Pa*  
Date, *Nov 10. 1898*

## THE OLD RED HOUSE.

### An Interesting Relic Found While Repairing It.

Captain S. B. Parker, of Longmeadow, in his researches of the attic attending his recent restoration of the "old red house," discovered some articles of great antiquity and historic interest, among them a sword and sword cane, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Connoisseurs who have examined the sword affirm that it dates back to the fifteenth century at least. It is of French make, the guard and grip being of wrought iron, hammered by hand. The maker's name, "Hollier," is on the guard, and a French eagle is engraved over the name.

The blade is of finest steel, and is still keen. It is 33 inches in length, with the royal insignia of France, the fleur de lis, engraved on both sides of it. The house, which was built by Captain Simon Colton in 1734-35, was kept by him early in its history as a hostelry, and the soldiers of both army and navy, in both the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars, as they passed through the Connecticut Valley, were wont to quarter there, and whether the sword was left by some soldier or was a treasured heirloom of a Puritan ancestor will doubtless continue to be a mystery.

From *Chronicle Telegraph*  
*Pittsburg Pa*  
Date, *Dec 2 17 1898*

## COURTNEY'S OLD MILL

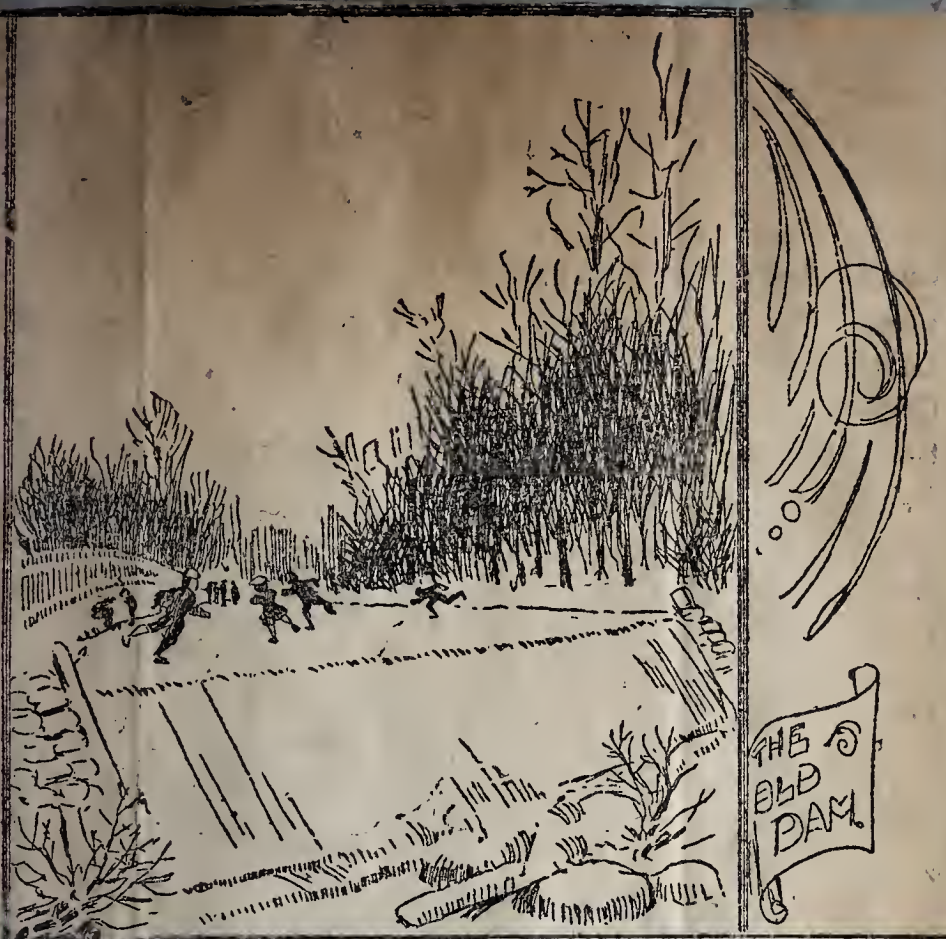
A Relic of the Eighteenth Century  
at Emsworth One of Allegheny  
County's Sights

### SKATING ON THE MILL POND

Here, Surrounded by the Newest De-  
vices of Civilization, Are Found  
Such Scenes as Were Made Ro-  
mantic by Artists and Authors.  
Reminiscences of the Old Miller.

Like a scene on an old fashioned Christ-  
mas card is the view afforded persons  
who pass along the Beaver road near the  
postoffice in the borough of Emsworth







8

these winter days. To middle-aged persons the sight probably would serve to kindle thoughts of their childhood in the country village. To the city-bred boy or girl of today it would be a contrast with something of another day, a period of which they know only from songs, stories and pictures. Here, almost within the sound of electric cars, with telephone and telegraph wires strung on poles placed along the road, is a bit of the conditions of the long ago in all its original rustic beauty. Here is a link between the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries. It was in 1790 that the waters of Lowry's run were harnessed to do the work of man, and here in the same spot, are still turning the wheel of the old grist mill that, if people only knew it, is one of the sights of Allegheny county.

There is a suggestion of romance in an old mill, and about nothing else has been so many tender stories written. Christmas cards and the illustrations in old books give the city boy of today about all the knowledge he possesses of these industrial plants of the long ago. In them he learns of that finest of all winter sports in the country, skating on the old mill pond. And it is just like stepping into one of these pictures to stand by Courtney's old mill at Emsworth these winter days. The weather-stained wooden building in itself is not attractive, except when one comes to a knowledge of its history, but move up the road a few rods to the bridge spanning the run and drink in the view of the snow-clad valley. At no other place in Allegheny county will be found such a picture. Prang has done nothing finer in illuminated cards for holiday remembrances.

In the foreground is the dam that pens in the waters of the run and forms the pond on which merry boys and girls are skating. The placid waters froze in a smooth sheet, and not even the artificially frozen surface presented in a warm rink for the fashionable folks of the city is more inviting for the skater. Not far up the valley can one see, for the course of the creek is tortuous; it bends in and out among the hills off toward Butler. The hillsides are clothed with trees and bushes suggestive of luxuriant nature in the summer months. Here and there a house is seen on the hillsides and summits, and as one lets his mind revert to the long ago it is not hard to imagine one of these neat buildings is a school-house, though in this instance it is only imaginary, for Emsworth possesses a modern brick school house out of view from the mill.

Peeking over the hill to the right, as one stands on the bridge, is the United Presbyterian church, just as the village meeting house is seen glancing down at the mill pond skaters in pictures. On meeting nights the psalms of the worshippers are heard by the skaters, and if they are not too boisterous they can hear the words of the exhortation and the prayers. The rippling of the waters in the mill race, and the seeping of the same through the vents in the dam, are sounds in harmony with the rasping of the steel runners of the skates on the ice and the merry voices of the skaters. Anon the creaking and wheezing of an oil well pump back in the hills, and the whistle of a locomotive on the railroad off by the river, serves to remind that one is in the

midst of very new things while surrounded by those which were most familiar to the childhood of the grandfathers of today. To enjoy this picture is a privilege that will not be permitted many years in the future, in all probability, for there are few of the old mills left and the usefulness of the remaining ones is fast waning.

Probably the only mill of the kind in Allegheny county is Courtney's old mill at Emsworth. Other mills there are hereabouts, but they are no longer operated by water power. They are modern contrivances, the wheels of which are turned by steam. Courtney's mill, a relic of the dead past, attracts little attention now. Of all the thousands who pass it, especially in the summer, when the Beaver road is the delight of bicyclists, few know what the old wooden building just east of the postoffice is. Sometimes a few riders linger on the bridge over Lowry's run to admire the view opened up before them and wonder at the dam being there, but usually they speed by seeing naught but the road before them.

The water gate opening into the mill race is almost obscured from view of the people on the road when the trees and bushes are full of the foliage of summer, and really there is not much in all the surroundings to indicate that such an interesting relic of the eighteenth century as the old mill exists. But now, when not many strangers cross the bridge over Lowry's run, is presented the view that carries the memories of men and women back to the days on the farm when a few chores were all they knew of the serious aspect of life, and the old mill pond was the scene of their pleasures, for swimming in summer and for skating in winter. It was the scenes at the old mill that were accepted as typical of rural enjoyments and came to be acknowledged as the proper subjects for romancers, either with brush or pen. And it might be remarked that no one ever heard of a new mill. But the subject has passed away from most places; Emsworth is especially favored in retaining its old mill, and the preservation of it might well be the object of some society.

The old miller of Emsworth today is Samuel Courtney, a courtly old gentleman whose greatest pride is the old mill that has been in the Courtney family since 1805. He has seen the country hereabouts grow from a wilderness to its present importance, and he has a fund of reminiscences which, if put in form, would make a good history of the important happenings hereabouts during the last three-quarters of a century. He remembers when there were deer and wild turkeys in the woods where the pretty homes of the people of Emsworth now stand, and he can tell more about the floods in the valleys of this vicinity than most of the old rivermen ever heard. When men cut logs in the woods for 50 cents a day and thought they were well paid for their labor, is a long time removed from the present, but it is one of the things the old miller remembers.

The old mill dates back to 1790, when a man named Channing went into the woods and cut the logs out of which the first mill was built. Whence came the great stones that ground the grain is a matter of which there is no record, but the same stones are still in service. Channing ran the mill for 15 years, presumably with good success, but in 1805 he sold the plant



erty to William Courtney, the father of Samuel Courtney, the old miller of today.

William Courtney conducted the business in the original mill until 1824. The year previous he determined on some changes, the building being too small for the growing demands on it. In casting about for stone for the foundation of the new building he remembered the Turkey-foot rock, a famous boulder. It had about 1810 broken from the hillside, near where the Emsworth station, on the Ft. Wayne road, now stands, and had rolled almost to the river. It was a huge rock, about 80 feet long by 12 feet square. Out of this he hewed the foundation stones for the new mill, and also out of it was hewn the material for the foundation of the Courtney homestead and the old school house. During the winter of 1823-24 the timber was cut in the woods, and the the frame mill that stands today, a landmark in Emsworth, was built around the old log mill. The logs of the original building having been removed, the mill was left practically as it is at present.

Built so early, it might be supposed that the old Courtney mill was the first in this vicinity, but Mr. Courtney says the Davis mill, at the Point in Pittsburgh, antedated the one at Emsworth, though it was crowded out of business many years ago. While he grants this precedence to the Davis mill, Mr. Courtney asserts that there never was a mill in this vicinity that made flour equal to that ground in the old mill at Emsworth. "Our flour always sold at a premium in Pittsburgh," he says, and there is an earnestness in his manner that admits of no controversy. "At one time this mill had the best reputation in the country for the quality of its flour," he declares; "we sold the finest flour in Pittsburgh."

One year 25,000 bushels of wheat was ground into flour at the old mill. "Farmers would drive for 20 miles to our mill," said Mr. Courtney. "I have seen farmers come in with a four-horse team, bringing the wheat of themselves and of their neighbors. They would leave it at the mill to be ground and go off to the river and fish for three or four hours, and then come back for their flour, which we did up in 100-pound cotton bags for them."

In the year of the Irish famine, 1848, a garner was erected at the mill and the farmers were invited to make donations of wheat to the sufferers. "Some gave a bushel and some gave half a bushel," says the old miller, "and pretty soon we had enough to make 15 barrels of flour. Then we ground it and shipped it to Ireland. We kept track of that flour. We found that when it got to Ireland it was examined and pronounced very good, and that thereupon it went to the rich people and the poor were left to get along with inferior flour."

Except for a brief period the old mill has been operated by water power. About 25 years ago Mr. Courtney put in a steam engine, but he found it was too expensive and abandoned it, placing his dependence again on Lowry's run. The cutting up of the big farms that used to abound here, resulting in a change from the cultivation of grain to the growing of garden truck, together with the rise of big merchant mills with daily capacities equal to the annual capacity of such mills as that at Emsworth, and the growth of the railroads as a factor in

the milling business, forced Mr. Courtney to abandon the grinding of grain, and so for some years the old mill has been given over to cutting feed. Yet its glory has not departed.

Not the least interesting things about the old mill are the water marks on the building. The height of every flood since 1832 is marked there, and every mark was made by Samuel Courtney. "Up in Pittsburgh," says the old miller, "they tell you and they believe that the highest water was in 1884, but I can show that in 1832 the water was 20 inches higher than it was in 1884. Of course, there is reason for the Pittsburgh people's belief, for the water seemed higher in 1884. But during the 52 years intervening between the two dates there had been an immense amount of filling in of the banks at Pittsburgh, and the narrowing of the course of the rivers caused the water to come up higher there. But down here, where the conditions were natural in both years, you could see that the flood of 1832 was by far the higher."

These floods have been destructive of many dams at the old Courtney mill, but the mill itself has not suffered. It is good for many years of usefulness yet, as is the old miller, and as his love for the place is so great it is safe to say the boys of Emsworth will be permitted to enjoy many winters' sport on the old mill pond, and be the life of many Christmas card pictures before the old Courtney mill is suffered to become only a memory.

From *Dispatch*

*Pittsburg Pa*

Date, *Jan 22 1899*

## TORIES' FLIGHT FROM FT. PITT.

Calamitous Results of an Event  
in Border Revolutionary  
History.

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY LANGUISHED,

And There Were Many Defections  
From the Ranks of the Other-  
wise Faithful.

PUBLIC WHIPPING OF TWO MEN



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The one event in the Revolutionary history of the border which had the most calamitous results was the flight of the Tories from Fort Pitt in the spring of 1778. From the beginning of the struggle for liberty many partisans of King George were to be found on the frontier. Some of these were men who had been in the British service, most of them members of the Church of England. Others were animated by that natural reverence which many men feel for their sovereign. Many were adventurous and ambitious spirits seduced by the British promises of reward. There were some who did not believe that the Revolution would succeed, and others grew dissatisfied with the perils and the hard circumstances of frontier life in a time of war. A few were simply scoundrels, desiring turmoil and plunder. The miserable failure of General Hand's two expeditions into the Indian country had much to do with the dissatisfaction with the American cause which developed on the border in the spring of 1778. During the winter the British had been in possession of Philadelphia, the American Congress had been driven to York, and Washington's army was reduced to a half-naked and half-starved remnant at Valley Forge. The cause of liberty languished and there were many defections.

#### **Captain McKee, the Tory Leader.**

Governor Hamilton, at Detroit, sent many agents, red and white, to penetrate the border settlements, to circulate offers of pardon and reward and to organize the Tories. In February and March 1778, a daring and shrewd British spy visited Pittsburg and carried on his plotting almost under the nose of General Hand. A British flag was set up, for a short time, in the King's Orchard, which bordered the Allegheny river within gunshot of the fort, and there, in a hut screened by the trees, meetings were held by the disaffected among the soldiers of the garrison. Most of the Tory gatherings in this neighborhood were at the house of Alexander McKee, at what is now called McKees Rocks. Another place of assembly was at Redstone, where a British flag flew during all of that winter.

The Tory leader at Pittsburg was Captain Alexander McKee, a man of education and wide influence on the border. He had been an Indian trader, and for 12 years prior to the Revolution had been the King's deputy agent for Indian affairs at Fort Pitt. For a short time he had been one of the Justices of the Peace for Westmoreland county. He was intimately acquainted with most of the Indian chiefs and even had an Indian family in the Shawnee nation. In 1764 he received a grant of 1,400 acres of land from Colonel Bouquet, at the mouth of Chartiers creek, and he divided his time between his house in Pittsburg and his farm at McKees Rocks.

#### **McKee Forced to Flight.**

In the spring of 1776 McKee was found to be in correspondence with British of-

ficers in Canada and he was put on his parole not to give aid or comfort to the enemies of American liberty, and not to leave the vicinity of Pittsburg without the consent of the Revolutionary Committee. In February, 1778, General Hand had reason to suspect that McKee had resumed or was continuing his correspondence with the British authorities and was organizing disaffection, and he ordered the Captain to go to York, Pa., and report himself to the Continental Congress. For a short time McKee avoided compliance with this order on the plea of sickness, but not being able to shirk obedience permanently, he decided to escape to Detroit and openly ally himself with the British cause.

About a year before this a young trader of the name of Matthew Elliott, who understood the Shawnee language, had been employed by the Americans to carry messages from Fort Pitt to the Shawnees and other Indian tribes to the westward, in the interest of peace. He had been made captive by hostile savages and carried to Detroit, where, after a short imprisonment, he had been released on parole. He returned to Pittsburg by way of Quebec, New York and Philadelphia, all then in British possession. He had been impressed by the show of British power in the East, in contrast with the miserable condition of the American forces. He became convinced that the Revolution would be a failure, and, on his return to Pittsburg, got into communication with McKee and others of the Tory party.

#### **Escape Into the Indian Country.**

Elliott is suspected of having poured into the ears of McKee a tale that he was to be waylaid and killed on his journey to York. It is certain that McKee heard such a story and believed it, and that it decided him in his plan to escape from Fort Pitt to the West.

The flight of the Tories took place on Saturday, March 28, 1778. The members of the little party which fled into the Indian land in that rough season of the year were Captain McKee, Lieutenant Simon Girty, Matthew Elliott, Robin Surplis and a man of the name of Higgins. Girty was a Pennsylvanian, who had been captured by the Indians when 11 years old, kept in captivity for three years by the Senecas, and afterward employed at Fort Pitt as an interpreter and messenger. He was an officer of the Virginia militia, and had applied for a commission as a Captain in the Eighth Pennsylvania when it was organized in the fall of 1776. It is probable that his failure to receive this appointment had embittered him, and he took the first opportunity to join the British cause. Nothing is known of Surplis and Higgins.

These five men fled to the chief town of the Delaware Indians, Coshocton, on the Muskingum river. The Delawares were the only Indians of the Ohio country who had not taken up the tomahawk against the American borderers. In this town the renegades spent several days, endeavoring to incite the Indians to war. Their efforts were thwarted by White Eyes.

#### **The Renegades Among the Indians.**

That remarkable savage, who was the chief sachem of the tribe, was an unfal-





FLOGGING THE TORIES IN OLD FORT PITT.

tering friend of the "buckskins," as the American revolutionists on the frontier were called. A great debate took place in the Coshocton Council, Captain Pipe, an influential chief, haranguing the savages in advocacy of war, and White Eyes pleading the cause of peace. The oratory and character of White Eyes prevailed and the Tories departed to the Shawnee towns on the Scioto. There they were welcomed. Many of the Shawnees were already on the warpath and all were eager to hear the speeches of their friend McKee. James Girty, a brother of Simon, was then with the Shawnee tribe, having been sent from Fort Pitt by the American authorities on a futile peace embassy. He had been raised among the Shawnees, was a natural savage and at once joined his brother and the other Tories.

Governor Hamilton heard of the escape of McKee and companions from Fort Pitt and sent Edward Hayle to the Scioto to conduct the renegades safely through the several Indian tribes to Detroit. Hamilton received them cordially and gave them commissions in the British service. For 16 years McKee, Elliott and the Girtys were the merciless scourgers of the border. They were the instigators and leaders of many Indian raids and their intimate knowledge of the frontier rendered their operations especially effective. Long after the close of the Revolution they continued their deadly enmity to the American cause and were largely responsible for the general Indian war of 1790-94.

**Traitors Among the Soldiers.**

McKee and his associates left behind



them a band of Tories organized among the members of the Thirteenth Virginia, of which a detachment was stationed in Fort Pitt. These rascals had formed a plot to blow up the fort and escape in boats by night. In some way this scheme was frustrated at the last moment, probably by the confession of one of the conspirators, and the explosion was prevented. Sergeant Alexander Ballantine and about a score of the traitors were able to get away in one of the large boats belonging to the post, and in the night of April 20 fled down the Ohio river. On the following day they were pursued by a large party of their comrades and were overtaken near the mouth of the Muskingum. Six of the runaways escaped to shore and were lost in the trackless woods, but the others were returned as prisoners to Fort Pitt. They were tried by a court-martial, of which Colonel William Crawford was President.

The leaders were found to be Sergeant Ballantine, William Bentley and Eliezer Davis. Two of these were shot and the other was hanged. Two other men were publicly whipped on the fort parade ground, each receiving 100 lashes on the bare back. The punishment of these men was almost the last act performed by General Hand before his departure for the East. For a time it put an end to the machinations of the Tories at Pittsburg, but it marked the beginning of the most cruel and disastrous warfare since the uprising of the tribes under Pontiac in 1763.

EDGAR W. HASSLER.

The tract was then known as Amity, in memory of which a Homestead street is now named. It embraced 300 acres, running along the river, from a sycamore tree to a white oak tree, and back to the ridge of the hill. Here the first John McClure made his home, and where, in a few years, he took his young wife, and made it their home. It has been so nearly ever since, for the McClures in Homestead to-day is one of the most respected and wealthy families, and nearly all of them still reside in the borough.

The exact date of the erection of the old house is not known, but it was shortly after John McClure bought his tract and farmed it. Originally constructed it was a brick dwelling, but additions were made several times, as the needs of the family demanded. During the last score of years the old building has shown the signs of age, and its timbers have been giving away. It is now in a state of decay, and is considered unsafe, especially the older portion of the house. The newer portion has been occupied all along, but not by the McClures. The erection of Homestead on the tract of Amity has made the family wealthy, and they erected a new home. The site of the old house was sold a week ago to St. Matthew's P. E. church for \$3,800. It consists of a lot 50x109 feet.

From, *Press*

*Pittsburg Pa*

Date, *Feb 1, 1899*

#### LANDMARK TO BE RAZED.

#### The Old McClure Home at Homestead to Be Torn Down.

Preparations are being made in Homestead to tear down one of the old landmarks of the locality. It is in fact the oldest house in the town. It is to be removed to give way to the new church of St. Matthew's P. E. congregation, which will be erected on the site.

The old building is known as the McClure homestead. It is situated between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and back from McClure street. It faces the east and seems to have been built on cross lots, as the streets and alleys seem to have been laid out so as to avoid disturbing the house. For this reason it seems to be trying to face several streets at the same time. The structure has sheltered four generations of the McClures, and was the homestead of a tract of 300 acres, purchased from the commonwealth in 1786 by John McClure for £54 and 10 shillings.













